

SPANISH DOUBLOONS

By CAMILLA KENYON

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CHAPTER XIII.

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Mr. Tubbs Interrupts.

I had determined as an offset to my pusillanimous behavior about the cave to show a dogged industry in the matter of the Island Queen. It would take me a long while to get down through the sand to the chest, but I resolved to accomplish it, and borrowed of Cookie, without his knowledge, a large iron spoon which I thought I could wield more easily than a heavy spade.

But that afternoon I was tired and hot—it really called for a grimmer resolve than mine to shovel sand through the languor of a Leeward island afternoon. Instead, I slept in my hammock, and dreamed that I was queen of a cannibal island, draped in necklaces made of the doubloons now hidden under the sand in the cabin of the derelict.

Later, the wailing of Cookie was heard in the land, and I had to restore the spoon to free Crusoe of the charge of having stolen it. I said I had wanted to dig with it. But of course it occurred to no one that it was the treasure I had expected to dig up with Cookie's spoon.

A more serious obstacle to my explorations on the Island Queen presented itself next day. Instead of putting to sea, Mr. Shaw and Captain Magnus hauled the boat up on the beach and set to work to repair it. The preceding day had been filled with hardship and anger—so much so that my heart sank a little at the recollection of it. You saw the little boat threading its way among the reefs, tossed like seaweed by the white teeth of gnawing waves, screamed at by angry gulls whose homes were those clefts and caves which the boat invaded. And all this, poor little boat, on a hopeless quest—for no reward but peril and wounds. Cuthbert Vane had a pained thumb which could not be ignored, and on the strength of which he was dismissed from the boat-repairing contingent, and thrown on my hands to entertain. So of course I had to renounce all thoughts of visiting the sloop. I should not have dared to go there anyway, with Mr. Shaw and the captain able more or less to overlook my motions from the beach, for I was quite morbidly afraid of attracting attention to the derelict. It seemed to me a happy miracle that no one but myself had taken any interest in her, or been inspired to ask by what chance so small a boat had come to be wrecked upon these desolate shores. Fortunately in her position in the shadow of the cliff she was inconspicuous, so that she might easily have been taken for the half of a large boat instead of the whole of a small one, or she must before this have drawn the questioning notice of the Scotchman. As to the captain, his attention was all set on the effort to discover the cave, and his intelligence was not lively enough to start on an entirely new tack by itself. And the Honorable Cuthbert viewed derelicts as he viewed the planetary bodies; somehow in the course of nature they happened.

So, dissembling my excitement and anxieties, I swung placidly in my hammock, and nearby sat the beautiful youth with his thumb carried tenderly in a bandage. Was it merely my being so distracted, or was it quite another reason that led him to open up so suddenly about his Kentish home? Strange to say, instead of panting for the title, Cuthbert wanted his brother to go on living, though there was something queer about his spine, poor fellow, and the doctors said he couldn't possibly—Of course I was surprised at Cuthbert's views, for I had always thought that if there were a title in your family your sentiments toward those who kept you out of it were necessarily murderous, and your tears crocodile when you pretended to weep over their biers. But Cuthbert's feelings were so human that I mentally apologized to the nobility. As to High Staunton manor, I adored it. It is mostly Jacobean, but with an ancient Tudor wing, and it has a chapel and a ghost and a secret staircase and a frightfully beautiful and wicked ancestress hanging in the hall—I mean a portrait of her—and quantities of oak paneling quite black with age, and silver that was hidden in the family tombs when Cromwell's soldiers came, and a chamber where Elizabeth once slept, and other romantic details too numerous to mention. It is a little bit run down and shabby, for lack of money to keep it up, and of course on that account all the more entrancing. The present Lord Grasmere lived up to his position so completely that he

had the gout and sat with his foot on a cushion exactly like all the elderly aristocrats you ever heard of, only when I inquired if his lordship cursed his valet and flung plates at the footmen when his foot hurt him, his son was much shocked and pained. He did not realize so well as I—from an extensive course of novel-reading—that such is the usual behavior of titled persons.

It was delightful, there in the hot stillness of the island, with the palms rustling faintly overhead, to hear of that cool, mossy, ancient place. I asked eager questions—I repeated gloatingly fragments of description—I wondered enviously what it would be like to have anything so old and proud and beautiful in your very blood—when suddenly I realized that, misled by my enthusiasm, Cuthbert was saying something which must not be said—that he was about to offer the shelter of that ancient roof to me. To me, whose heart could never nest there, but must be ever on the wing, a wild bird of passage in the track of a ship.

I sat up with a galvanic start. "Oh—listen—didn't you hear something?" I desperately broke in. For somehow I must stop him. I didn't want our nice jolly friendship spoiled—and besides, fancy being cooped up on an island with a man you have refused! Especially when all the while you'd be wanting so to pet and console him!

But with his calm doggedness Cuthbert began again—"I was a bit afraid the old place would have seemed too quiet and dull to you—" when the day was saved and my interruption strangely justified by a shrill outcry from the camp. I knew that high falsetto tone. It was the voice of Mr. Tubbs, but pitched on a key of quite insane excitement. I sprang up and ran, Crusoe and the Honorable Cuthbert at my heels. There in the midst of the camp Mr. Tubbs stood, the center of a group who were regarding him with astonished looks. Mr. Shaw and the captain had left their tinkering, Cookie his saucepans, and Aunt Jane and Violet had come hurrying from the hut. Among us all stood Mr. Tubbs with folded arms, looking round upon the company with an extraordinary air of complacency and triumph.

"What is it, oh, what is it, Mr. Tubbs?" cried Aunt Jane, fluttering with the consciousness of her proprietorship.

But Mr. Tubbs glanced at her as indifferently as a sated turkey-buzzard at a morsel which has ceased to tempt him.

"Mr. Tubbs," commanded Violet, "speak—explain yourself!"

"Come, out with it, Tubbs," advised Mr. Shaw.

Then the lips of Mr. Tubbs parted, and from them issued this solitary word:

"Eureka!"

"What?" screamed Miss Higglesby-Browne. "You have found it?" Solemnly Mr. Tubbs inclined his head.

"Eureka!" he repeated. "I have found it!"

Amidst the exclamations, the questions, the general commotion which ensued, I had room for only one thought—that Mr. Tubbs had somehow discovered the treasure in the cabin of the Island Queen. Indeed, I should have shrieked the words aloud but for a providential dumbness that fell upon me.

"Friends," Mr. Tubbs began, "it has been known from the start that there was a landmark on this little old island that would give any party discovering the same a line on that chest of money right away. There's been some that was too high up in the exploring business to waste time looking for landmarks. They had rather do more fancy stunts, where what with surf, and sharks, and bengin' up the boat, they could make a good show of gettin' busy. But old Ham Tubbs, he don't let on to be a hero. Jest a plain man o' business—that's old H. H. Consequence is, he leaves the other fellers have the brass band, while he sets out on the q. t. to run a certain little clue to earth. And, ladies and gentlemen, he's run it!"

"You have found—you have found the treasure!" shrieked Aunt Jane. Contrary to his bland custom, Mr. Tubbs frowned at her darkly.

"I said I found the clue," he corrected. "Of course, it's the same thing. Ladies and gentlemen, not to appear to be a hot-air artist, I will tell you in a word, that I have located the tombstone of one William Halliwell, deceased!"

Of course. Not once had I thought

of it. Bare, stark, glaring up at the sun, lay the stone carved with the letters and the cross-bones. Forgetting in the haste of my departure to replace the vines upon the grave, I had left the stone to shout its secret to the first comer. And that happened to be Mr. Tubbs. Happened, I say, for I knew that he had not had the slightest notion where to look for the grave of Bill Halliwell. This running to earth of clues was purely an affair of his own picturesque imagination.

I wondered uneasily what he had made of the uprooted vines—but he would lay them to the pigs, no doubt. In the countenance of Mr. Tubbs, flushed and exultant, there was no suspicion that the secret was not all his own.

Miss Higglesby-Browne had a closed umbrella beneath her arm, and she drew and brandished it like a saber as she took a long stride forward.

"Mr. Tubbs," she commanded, "lead on!"

But Mr. Tubbs did not lead on. "Oh, no indeed," he said. "Old H. H. wasn't born yesterday. It may have struck you that to possess the sole and exclusive knowledge of the whereabouts of a million or two—ratin' it low—is some considerable of an asset. And it's one I ain't got the least idee of partin' with unless for inducements held out."

Aunt Jane gave a faint shriek. I had been silently debating what my own course should be in the face of this unexpected development. Suddenly I saw my way quite clear. I would say nothing. Mr. Tubbs should reveal his own perfdy. And the curtain should ring down upon the play, leaving Mr. Tubbs foiled all around, bereft both of the treasure and of Aunt Jane.

Little I dreamed what surprises ensuing acts of the play were to hold for me, or their astounding contrast with the farce of my joyous imagination.

I took no part in the storm that raged round Mr. Tubbs. His face adorned by a seraphic, buttery smile, he stood unmoved, while Miss Higglesby-Browne uttered clyonic exhortations and reproaches, while Aunt Jane



"Eureka!" He repeated, "I have found it!"

sobbed and said, "Oh, Mr. Tubbs!" while Mr. Shaw strove to make himself heard above the din. He did at least succeed in extracting from the traitor a definite statement of terms. These were nothing less than fifty per cent of the treasure, secured to him by a document, sealed and delivered into his own hands. To a suggestion that as he had discovered the all-important tombstone, so might some one else, he replied with tranquillity that he thought not, as he had taken precautions against such an eventuality. In other words, as I was later to discover, the wily Mr. Tubbs had contrived to raise the boulder from its bed and push it over the cliff into the sea, afterward replacing the mass of vines upon the grave.

As to the entrance to the tunnel, it was apparent to me that Mr. Tubbs had not yet discovered it. Even if he had, I am certain that he would have been no more heroic than myself about exploring it, though there was no missing Peter to haunt his imagination. But with the grave as a starting point, there could be no question

as to the ultimate discovery of the cave.

I was so eager myself to see the inside of the cave, and to know whatever it had to reveal of the fate of Peter, that I was inclined to wish Mr. Tubbs success in driving his hard bargain, especially as it would profit him nothing in the end. But this sentiment was exclusively my own. On all hands indignation greeted the rigorous demands of Mr. Tubbs. With a righteous joy I saw the fabric of Aunt Jane's illusious shaken by the rude blast of reality. For where was the Tubbs of yesterday—the honey-tongued, the suave, the anxiously obsequious Tubbs? Gone, quite gone. Instead, here was a Tubbs who cocked his helmet rakishly, and leered round upon the company, deaf to the claims of loyalty, the pleas of friendship, the voice of tenderness—Aunt Jane's.

Manfully Miss Higglesby-Browne stormed up and down the beach. She demanded of Mr. Shaw, of Cuthbert Vane, of Captain Magnus, each and severally, that Mr. Tubbs be compelled to disgorge his secret. You saw that she would not have shrunk from a regimen of racks and thumbscrews. But there were no racks and thumbscrews on the island. Of course we could have invented various instruments of torture—I felt I could have developed some ingenuity that way myself—but too fatally well Mr. Tubbs knew the civilized prejudices of those with whom he had to deal. With perfect impunity he could strut about the camp, sure that no weapons worse than words would be brought to bear upon him, that he would not even be turned away from the general board to browse on coconuts in solitude.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HAVE OLD CAVE MAN INSTINCT

Lovers, in the Orient, Primitive in Their Methods of Demonstrating Affection.

There are all sorts of ways of expressing affection. The *Mainichi*, a Japanese Journal, reports the case of a policeman at Hiroshima, who fell in love with a restaurant maid, and when she seemed cold endeavored to convince her of his passion, and mayhap light an answering flame by thrusting her in the calf of her leg with his official sword. He might go further and issue a manual on how to make love, suggests our contemporary. The case of the policeman in question is doubtless a survival of atavism, being a relic of the good old days in the paleolithic age, when the cave man was wont to demonstrate his affection for his affinity by occasional raps on the damsel's head with a bludgeon, says the *Shanghai Times*.

The submagistrate of Chowghat in India has just disposed of an unusually interesting case in which two Nair women of Guruvayur, mother and daughter, charged three Nair youths with having removed a portion of the roof of the complainants' house and dropped a carcass of a crocodile through the aperture into the room in which the younger woman slept. The motive alleged was revenge, because overtures of the accused had been rejected. An accidental would have taken laudanum or a Japanese swain would have committed harakiri. The Indian, however, showed an originality of conception worthy of a better object. Just imagine your feelings were you to see the dainty form of a hippopotamus issuing from your ceiling!

Human Development.

Humanity, in its acquisition of knowledge, its hopes, its aspirations, its ideals, is in a state of steady development. In art, it is the personal expression of the artist, his individuality—shown not only in mere tricks of style, but in his state of mind, his attitude toward the world about him—which counts most in the end. And that is why art in any form is not a matter only of mere copying of facts. The line to be drawn is not always easy to define, perhaps. But one may best regard some extreme examples. The demand for subject and realism found strong expression in the vogue enjoyed by the chromos years ago. About the same class of people who made the popularity of these color prints at that time today buy the original landscape etching "at \$2.37, framed."—"How to Appreciate Prints," by Frank Weltenkamp.

Fish Nets From Spider Web.

Native to New Guinea is a giant spider, its body as big as a hazelnut, with hairy legs two inches long. It spins a web six feet in diameter and very strong.

Advantage of this fact is taken by the cannibals of the island, who set up long bamboo sticks in places frequented by the spiders, thereby offering an invitation to the arachnids to spin webs across them.

By this simple means (if one is to believe the story) ready-made nets are obtained which the cannibals use for catching fish.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Fewer Babies Born in June.

Fewer babies are born in June than in any other month.

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Strangling Averted by Operation.

Trenton, N. J.—His windpipe slit and held open by two fellow convicts to permit air to enter his lungs, John Monroe, convict at New Jersey state prison, serving from five to ten years for breaking and entering, is much improved after the operation. Monroe is affected with tuberculosis. He was found gasping for breath in his cell. Dr. Martin W. Reddan of this city, prison surgeon, was called. He immediately slit the man's windpipe and asked for aid of two convicts to hold it open to permit air to penetrate the man's lungs.

Treaty Upsets Conference.

Genoa.—The signing of a treaty between Germany and Russia, which nullifies the Brest-Litovsk treaty and re-establishes full diplomatic relations between these two countries on a basis of equality, has caused profound astonishment and resentment among the allied delegations. The ministers of the powers which convened the conference decided to have a committee of experts examine this treaty to determine whether it conflicts with the Cannes resolutions or the treaty of Versailles.

Protest Removal of Bureau.

Washington.—The Colorado senators protested against a suggested plan for the abolishment of the western reclamation headquarters at Denver and its consolidation with the general reclamation bureau in the Interior Department here. Director Davis of the reclamation bureau and Acting Secretary of the Interior Finney promised that no action will be taken until Secretary Fall returns from the West.

German Troops in Ruhr.

Paris.—The German government, says *Emile Bure*, in *L'Eclair*, has sent 12,000 "shock troops" into the Ruhr and announces readiness for resistance in Upper Silesia, meanwhile the Russian Red armies are threatening the Polish and Rumanian frontiers.

Trial of Judge Day Looms.

Washington.—New developments in the recent shooting at Oklahoma City of Lieut. Col. Paul Ward Beck, which may result in a trial of Judge Jean P. Day, were predicted by War Department officials. The report of a special board of officers which made detailed investigation into the affair resulting in the killing of Colonel Beck by Judge Day is now on its way to Washington. Coming in advance of the reports are letters to Secretary of War Weeks and other officials of the department predicting that the army report will shed new light of a startling character on the tragedy.

Urges Organization of Business.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Thorough organization of American business and co-operation with labor and agriculture "in obtaining legislation and administrative policies for the good of the nation as a whole," was urged by Harry B. Wheeler, Chicago banker, and for three years president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, in an address here.